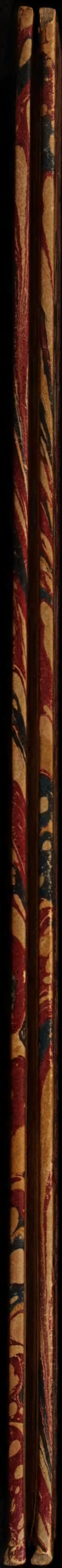




WATKINS - EULOGIUM. ON JOHN CRAWFORD - BALTIMORE 1813

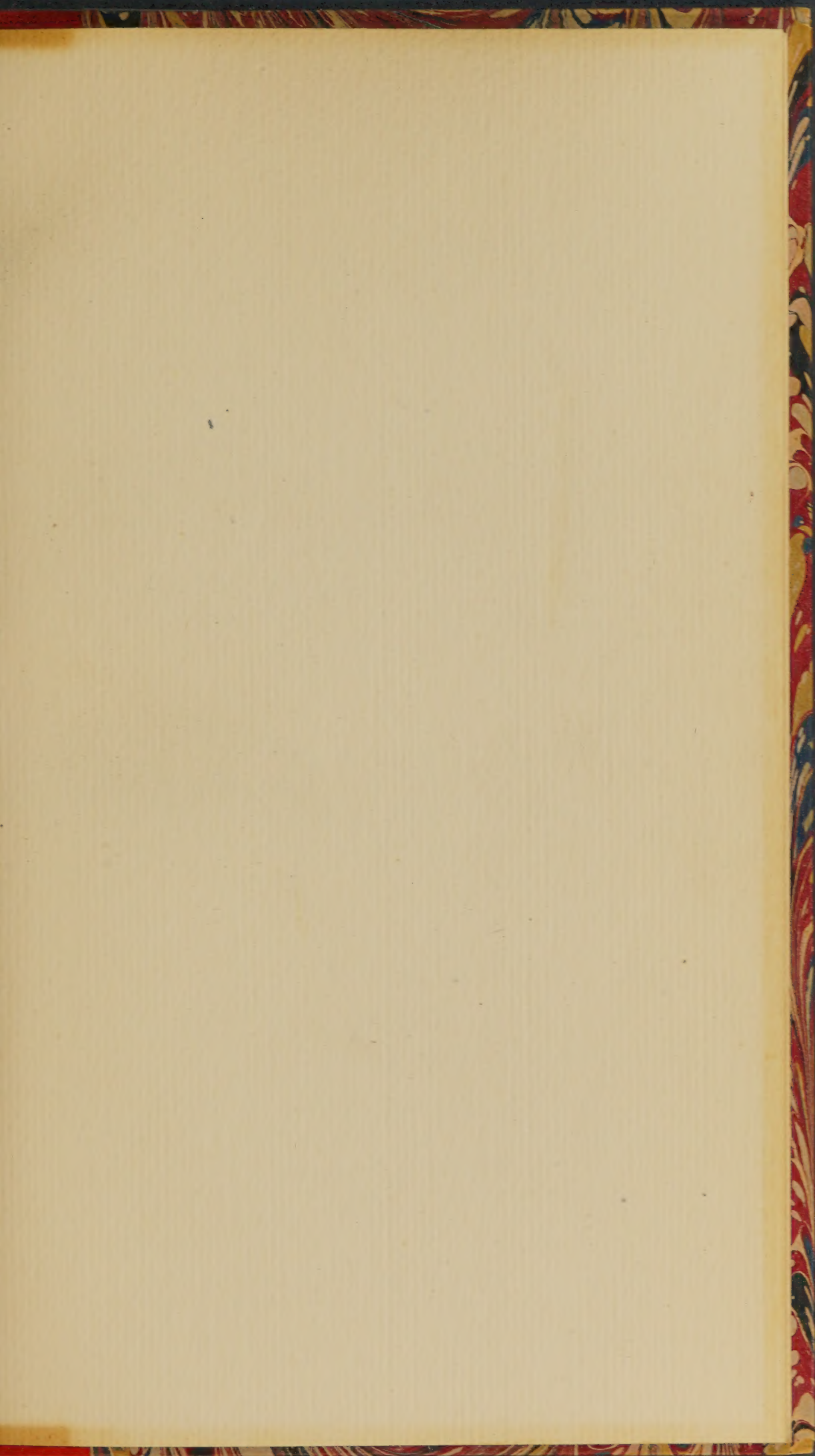


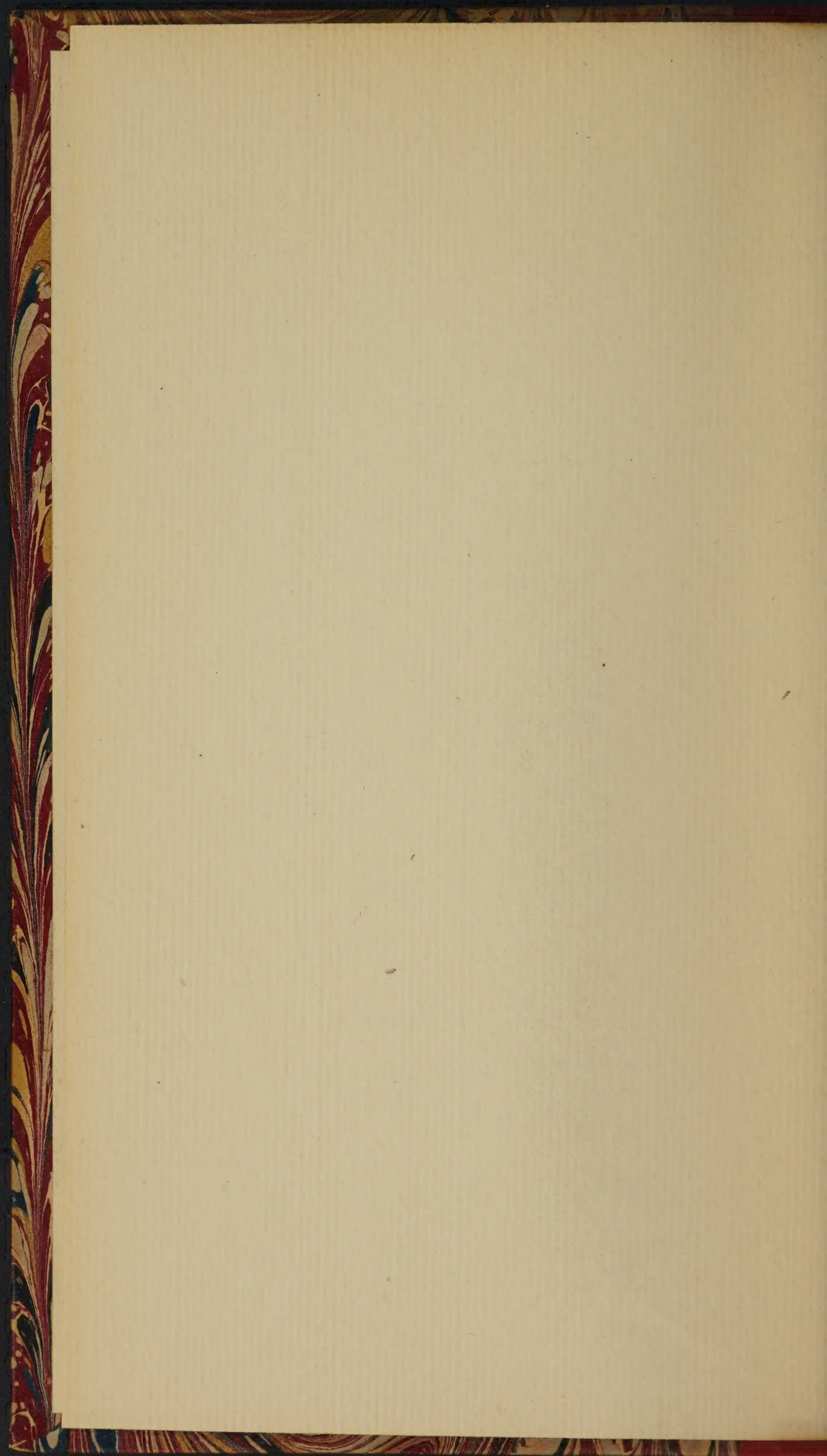


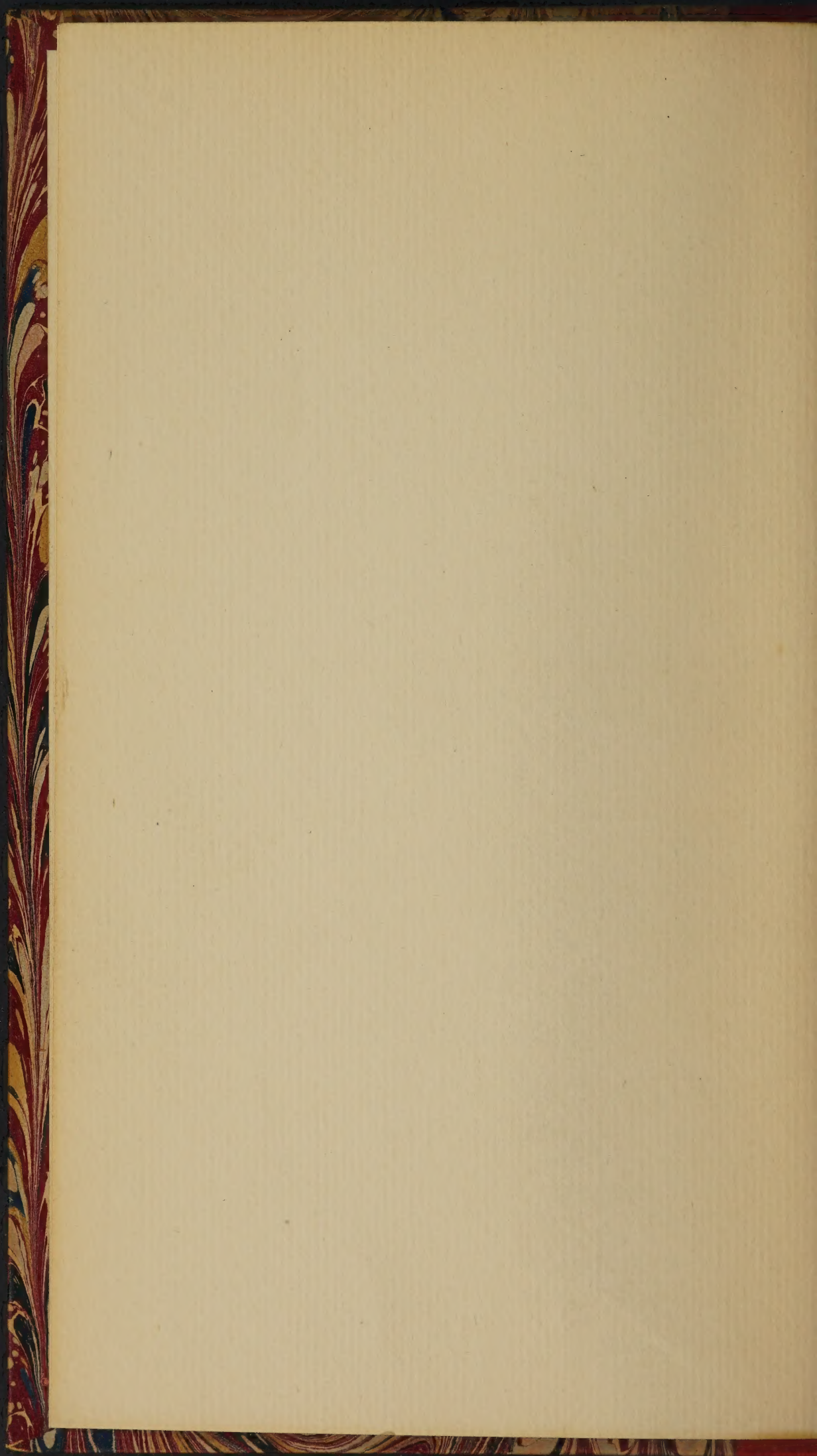


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AN

EULOGIUM

ON THE

CHARACTER OF BROTHER

JOHN CRAWFORD, M. D.

LATE

R. W. G. M. OF MASONS IN MARYLAND.

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

ON THE 24th JUNE, 1813,

IN OBEDIENCE TO A RESOLUTION OF THE R. W. G. LODGE
OF MARYLAND.

BY BRO. T. WATKINS, M. D., R. W. G. M.

BALTIMORE :

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD J. COALE, No. 176, MARKET-STREET, AND
J. ROBINSON, No. 96, MARKET-STREET, FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE GRAND CHARITY FUND.

J. Robinson.....printer.

1813.

138024

In Grand Lodge,

MAY 10, A. D. 1813. A. L. 5813.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge are deeply impressed with the loss they have sustained by the death of Doctor JOHN CRAWFORD, their late Grand Master, who by his precept and example uniformly enforced the genuine spirit of our ancient order. His instructions and charges were calculated to promote the best interests of Masonry—his example was worthy the imitation of all men—it unfolded the beauty of Charity, the excellence of benevolence, and enforced the principles of peace on earth and good will towards man.

Resolved, That in affectionate respect to the memory of the deceased, the officers' chairs of this Grand Lodge, and those of the subordinate Lodges in the State of Maryland, be covered with black for the space of six months.

Resolved, That the R. W. Deputy Grand Master, be and he is hereby requested to deliver a public address to the Craft, on the subject of the bereavement, and that the Steward's Lodge make the necessary arrangement.

ARCHIBALD DOBBIN, G. S.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

IN obedience to a resolution of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maryland, passed at their May Session, directing that This Day should be set apart for the purpose of paying a last respectful homage to the memory of their late Grand Master, JOHN CRAWFORD, M. D. the Masonic Brethren assembled at Mr. Mallet's Assembly Room, in Charles-street, at 10 o'clock, where a procession was formed under the direction of the Grand Marshal, in the following order :

Subordinate Lodges according to juniority.

Physicians and Clergy, two and two.

A Band of Music.

Grand Tyler, with a drawn Sword.

A Passed Master, bearing the Standard.

Members of the Grand Lodge two and two.

A Passed Master carrying the Great Light.

Grand Chaplain.

Three Passed Masters carrying three Golden Candlesticks.

Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer with Rolls.

Grand Wardens.

Deputy Grand Master and Mayor of the City.

R. W. Grand Master, supported by two Grand Deacons.

At half past ten, the Procession moved down Baltimore-street to Gay-street, thence to East-street and along East-street to the First Presbyterian Church.

The front of the Procession having arrived at the door of the Church, halted. The ranks were opened and faced inwards and entered the Church in inverted order. As the Grand Master entered, Mr. Meinecke commenced a Voluntary on the Organ, which continued to be played until the Brethren were seated. The doors of the Church were then thrown open for the admission of the citizens, and the ceremonies of the day commenced by a Prayer from the W. Grand Chaplain; after which an elegant Anthem composed for the occasion by Mr. John Cole, was sung in full choir.

Next followed the Eulogium on the character of Brother John Crawford, M. D. by Brother TOBIAS WATKINS, M. D., R. W. Grand Master.

An Ode—by Howard.

Prayer—by the W. Grand Chaplain.

Anthem—composed by Mr. Meinecke.

The whole concluded with a Benediction, by the W. G. Chaplain. The Procession then returned to Mr. Mallet's Room, where the Brethren were dismissed. In the afternoon the Grand Stewards were assembled by order of the R. W. Deputy Grand Master, and passed among others the following resolutions:—

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Lodge be presented to the R. W. Grand Master, for the able, eloquent and interesting Oration this day delivered in memory of our deceased Brother John Crawford, M. D. late R. W. G. M. of Maryland, and that a copy thereof be requested for publication.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be presented to the Rev. Dr. Inglis, and the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, for the use of their Church; and that the R. W. Grand Master, be requested to communicate the same.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be presented to Mr. John Cole, Mr. Meinecke, the Choir, and the gentlemen Amateurs of the Band, for their polite services; and that the R. W. Grand Master, be requested to communicate the same.

Resolved, That the R. W. Grand Master, the R. W. Deputy Grand Master and Brothers Camp, Coale and Milhau, be a committee, to carry into effect the resolution of the R. W. Grand Lodge, for erecting a monument to the memory of the late Grand Master. By order,

ARCHIBALD DOBBIN, Grand Sec'ry.

June 25, 1813.

EULOGIUM, &c.

WITH emotions of reverential awe, mingled with a sorrowful diffidence, which I fear will impede me in the execution of the task, I have undertaken to comply with the Resolution of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maryland, on the present melancholy occasion.—Connected, as it was my happiness to be, with the deceased, by the double ties of *Masonry*, and the closest intimacy of friendly and affectionate intercourse; the performance of this duty is rendered, at once, both pleasing and painful: *pleasing*, as it will afford me an opportunity of bringing to the view of my *Brethren*, a bright example of moral and Masonic excellence, worthy their most zealous imitation; and *painful*, as every recurrent mention of his virtues, will renew my heartfelt affliction at the loss of his society.

The custom of offering some monumental tribute, to perpetuate the memory of the wise, the good, and the great, is not less honourable and respectful, as it regards the dead, than it is useful and instructive, as it relates to the living.—It must necessarily tend to the promotion of public good, by arousing us to the contemplation of private virtues; it serves to keep alive in our breasts, a veneration for exalted worth; and it awakens in us a laudable ambition to *become* the character we are taught to *admire*.

This is a day on which the members of our fraternity, are wont to assemble for purposes of social hilarity. Alas, how different the summons which has now called us together! how solemn, how impressive, how awful the contrast!! On the anniversary of this day we are accustomed to indulge in

the celebration of the mysterious rites of our Holy Institution ; to practise the ancient and innocent ceremonies of our Order. But now, how gloomy the reverse ! how striking the mutability of all sublunary things ! how vain and futile the worldly calculations of man !! We are met to mingle our sorrows over the grave of a departed Brother ; we are here assembled to deplore the loss of a valued friend ; to pay a last homage to the genius of a son of science ; to commemorate the virtues of one who held the most distinguished rank in our society. These, my Brethren, are the interesting purposes for which we are now called together. On such a theme, though I boast not the touching powers of Oratory, though neither the language, “ nor action, nor utterance ” of eloquence be mine, yet do I not despair, of arresting your serious and patient attention. What the humble efforts of the Orator would fail to accomplish the sympathies and feelings of my brethren will amply supply.—

In the history of men eminent for genius, talents, or learning, it is always an interesting inquiry, to trace the progress of the mind, from the earliest dawning of intellectual light, to the full blaze of its meridian vigour—to see the first operation of the reasoning faculties—to discover the first impressions on the youthful heart, at the contemplation of the glorious and stupendous fabric of surrounding nature—to watch the formation of that connecting chain which leads the thought *from Nature up to Nature's God*—and to hear the first lisplings of unfeigned reverence for the great Creator of all.—But were it even possible to comprise so minute a biography within the accustomed limits of such an address as the present, delightful as the task would be, my ignorance of the early years of our departed friend, would compel me to decline it. To the friendly politeness of one who loved him while living, and who best knew how to appreciate his worth ; I am indebted for the brief sketch which follows.

DOCTOR JOHN CRAWFORD was the second son of a Clergyman in the North of Ireland, who by the evidence of a gene-

alogical letter from himself, now in the possession of the person from whom this information is obtained, was of an illustrious though impoverished family. He was in every sense of the word, a *gentleman*, a scholar, a man of elevated genius, and of extraordinary virtue. On his piety, his goodness, his preeminent worth in every point of view, the son delighted to dwell—a beam of Seraphic exultation irradiated his countenance, whenever his father's virtues were his theme.—He spoke with enthusiasm, of his character, as a husband, a father, and a pastor.—Of the manner in which he trained his offspring to the love and fear of God.—He drew an eloquent picture of his evening conferences with his children, when he explained to them the attributes of the Almighty, and impressed on their youthful minds the glorious truths of Revelation. And that which gave his instructions so much weight was, that his own life was an illustration of the pure and holy lessons he taught. To this source we must trace that enthusiastic devotion to the Bible, that energetic and practical piety, which were for so many years the leading characteristics of the mind of our friend.—A solemn proof of the importance of *first impressions*, of the imperious duty imposed on every parent, of sowing the seeds of religion, in the tender hearts of their children; since however their growth may be retarded, by the idle weeds of worldly commerce, and the overpowering sway of passion; sooner or later they will force their way through every obstacle, and bring forth a glorious and abundant harvest.

Young Crawford continued in the peaceful bosom of his family until about the age of seventeen, when he was sent to the College of Dublin to commence his medical studies. How long he continued here is not certain. Most probably not very long; as he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Leyden, at that time in high reputation. He afterwards made two voyages to the East Indies as Surgeon in the East India Company's service; and at his return received the thanks of the Company, with a considerable present in addition to his pay, for the uncommon zeal with

which he had performed his duty, and the important services he had rendered the crews. During these voyages he kept a regular medical journal, from which some very valuable extracts have been published in the Edinburgh "*Annals of Medicine*." From this time to the period of his marriage, which took place about the year 1778, no important particulars of his life have come to my knowledge.

Not long after his marriage, he was appointed Physician to the Hospital in Barbados, whither he immediately went, with his family. A situation at once so honourable and lucrative, he filled indeed with *honour*; but careless of wealth, those golden opportunities of acquiring a colossal fortune, which were placed within his reach, by contracts given him for supplying the British fleets on the West India station, he transferred without compensation, or share in the profits, to others, with excessive, and indeed almost reprehensible liberality.—Another striking instance of his disinterestedness, which occurred about this period, should not be forgotten. In the year 1780, almost the whole island of Barbados was torn to pieces by a tremendous hurricane. Amidst the general destruction which swept away houses, plantations, and property of every kind, his remained uninjured. Not a single medicine was left in the island except what was in his possession. A thrifty son of gain, would have exultingly availed himself of such an opportunity to sell his stock at an immense advance, since a considerable time must elapse, before another supply could be received. But not so, our high souled and benevolent friend.—He disdained to profit by the disasters of his fellow-creatures—his medicines were dispensed with a liberal hand to all who needed them, and his coffers enriched with no gold wrung from the distresses of humanity.

In 1782, the wretched state of his health, compelled him to return with his family to England.—During this voyage a melancholy event occurred, which he never ceased to lament, the remainder of his days. His wife, to whom he was attached by every tender tie which can render the conjugal state de-

lightful, died under an accumulation of mournful circumstances, and left him with two infant children.—He proceeded on the voyage to England, where he remained until the recovery of his health, when he returned to Barbados. He removed, not long after to Demerary, where he was appointed Physician to the Colony, by the Dutch government, in whose possession it then was ; and who conferred on him distinguished honours, for the exemplary manner in which he discharged the important duties of his station. During his residence in Demerary, various opportunities occurred for the display of that universal philanthropy which so peculiarly marked the character of our friend. Not a stranger arrived, that did not reap some advantage from his offered services. His house, his table, and his purse were open to all. His strict observance of the laws of hospitality, did not however, prevent him from attending with assiduous care, to the more laborious duties of his profession. The Military Hospital in this Colony of which he had the charge, afforded him a wide field for observation ; which he was not inclined to leave uncultivated. The public are already in possession of many of the fruits of his scientific researches ; and much yet remains, entrusted to the care of one whose discriminating mind, and whose friendship to the deceased author, will, I trust, not suffer him to withhold it long from the medical world.

Towards the latter end of the year, 1794, ill health again obliged the Doctor to seek relief in an European climate.—He went to England, and thence passed over to Holland, for the purpose of arranging some affairs with the government there. In the mean time the Colony of Demerary was transferred to the English ; and at his return from Holland, he was offered the same appointment by the British government, which he had before held under the Dutch ; but the pressing solicitations of the late Mr. O'Donnell, (his brother-in-law) to come to this Country, and the hope that accepting this invitation might prove more advantageous to his children, induced him to decline his proposed reestablishment in Demerary ;

and to embark for the United States ; which he did in 1796. From this period, it will hardly be necessary to dwell upon the incidents of his life. They must be known to most of those who hear me, as he became at once, and continued a resident of this City.

A man so liberally endowed with every excellence that can adorn the heart, and elevate the mind, it may readily be supposed, could not any where long remain unknown. The unaffected urbanity of his address and manners, the sweet benevolence of soul, the innate dignity of mind, which shone with such animated lustre, in every lineament of his noble, manly countenance, soon gained him the acquaintance and esteem of all whose respect is valuable, of every class of his fellow-citizens.—It has been remarked by many who had seen them both, that he bore a strong resemblance in outward figure and appearance, to the father of our country—the immortal WASHINGTON.—This resemblance was not confined to external features *merely*.—The same pure spirit of philanthropy, the same ardent zeal for the happiness of man, and the same *ambition*—the ambition *to be good*, warmed the feelings, and influenced the actions of both. They were indeed most emphatically Brothers—united not more by the mysterious bond of *Masonic* union, than by identity of moral sentiments.—Having thus mentioned the venerated name of Washington as enrolled in the archives of our Society, will my *brethren* pardon the digression, if I seize the opportunity, which it naturally presents, to say a few words, addressed more particularly to the *uninitiated*, concerning an institution which has, so often, been the subject of the foulest calumny, the most slanderous abuse ?—I know this is not the proper place, to enter upon a history of our Order—nor is such my intention.—Whether its origin be traced to the first formation of man ; to the religious ceremonies instituted by the holy family of Noah, in commemoration of the saving mercy of their God ; to the building of Solomon's Temple ; or only to the more recent period of Egyptian Priesthood ; may be considered

questions, of minor importance : for though its long existence, the vast number and uniformity of its establishments, and its continued celebrity, are titles sufficient to assign it a rank far above any other human institution ; its claim to consideration rests upon still higher ground. An institution which has been deemed worthy to excite public inquiry ; against whose adamantine foundation, the storms of persecution and the raging billows of revolutions have spent their fury in vain, must have some better stay, than mere antiquity of origin to support its respectability. Where shall this be found, but in its own intrinsic value—the excellence of its principles and the purity of its motives ?

Free-Masonry has been denounced as a confederation of the enemies of religion and government ; the Church has, at various times, thundered her anathemas against it, as the nursery of every crime ; and our innocent assemblies have been represented as the scenes of midnight orgies, and frantic Bacchanalian revels. If *sectarism* can be said to constitute religion, then is *Free-Masonry* certainly not a religious institution ; because it prescribes no *mode of faith* ; it shews no preference of one belief to another. On the contrary, the result of all its maxims, the particular character of its allegories, and of its constant practice, is that the virtuous *Mussulman*, may become the *Brother* of the tolerant *Christian*.—Disputes concerning religion, were never heard in an assembly of *Free-Masons*. Enemies to all controversy, they take no part in Theological disputations. But if, on the other hand, to inculcate an awful reverence of God ; to praise him for all the wonders of Creation ; to thank him for the mercies of his providence ; to commemorate the revelations of his will ; to teach obedience to his laws ; and to look for a future state of rewards and punishments—if this be Religion, then do I boldly affirm that *Religion* is the basis of our society. And in every country where the refulgent light of gospel revelation has shed its beneficent rays, there it will be found that *Free-Masons* are *Christians*. The doctrines of

the Saviour of repentant man, are the precepts of *Free-Masonry*; and the two great commandments, upon which “hang all the law and the Prophets,” are unremittingly inculcated upon all who enter the vails of her Temple. It has been considered by some a *Military* institution.—But, regarding all men as *Brothers*, how could it consistently profess an art, which, however honourable it may be esteemed, knows no rule but the destruction of man, no law but the shedding of blood. If it prescribe as a fundamental duty an unbounded fidelity to country and government, it is because it looks upon this virtue as the basis of social order, and universal harmony; and if the names of *heroes* are to be found among the number of its cherished votaries, it is that they are regarded as warriors, armed only for the defence of their Country, as the noble agents of justice, and not as the blind instruments of savage ambition. No—the war which *Free-Masonry* professes, and which it wages with unceasing ardour, is a war against ignorance and vice—those formidable barriers in our progress to perfection. To remove these, is the unwearied labour of the virtuous Mason. Every emblem, and every ensign of our Order are calculated to inspire the mind with sublime and holy fervour, in the cause of religion and truth. Our Lodges are dedicated to the glory of the *Most High*; and in every Christian Country, they are held in memory of the beloved disciple of his redeeming Son. Every illustration of the mysterious symbols is calculated to impress the heart with reverence for the Gospel tenets. That pure, benevolent, and philanthropic spirit which pervaded every lesson of our Saviour, it is the great end and object of our institution, to inculcate, and to cherish.—It teaches us to curb the baneful spirit of revenge; to suppress all animosities; to silence the poisonous tongue of slander; to shut out every jarring passion; to attune our hearts and tempers, to purity and peace; and to regard all men as children of the same father. Is not this the very essence of Christianity? Do not these principles tend to soften the disposition—to ex-

pand the affections—and to awaken every generous and tender emotion of the soul?—Would you know the mysteries of *Free-Masonry*, study the Bible—would you become acquainted with its secrets—enter the abodes of poverty, disease, and sorrow.—Behold the wandering stranger; driven from his native land, by the iron rod of cruel oppression; groaning under the double torture of wretchedness and pain; his cries unheeded; himself unnoticed and unknown—he lifts his imploring eyes to Heaven; is about to close them, in all the agony of dark despair—suddenly he feels the ardent pressure of a *Brother's* hand—he hears the thrilling tones of benevolence and love—and finds his sinking frame supported in the warm embraces of a friend.—Enter the gloomy mansion of the widowed mourner—see her surrounded by the helpless pledges of a lost husband's love—hear the sickly cries of unappeased hunger, mingled with the shrieks of wo—Whose voice is heard in soothing consolation? Whose hand is stretched forth, in tender mercy to relieve these complicated sufferings? It is the voice—the hand, of her husband's or her father's *Brother*. Oh! holy and sacred fervour of Masonic union! how celestial are the fruits of thy mysterious love!—'Tis thine to raise the bowed down—to pour the balm of comfort on the wounded heart—and to unbar the gates of Charity to all mankind. In fine, *Free-Masonry* teaches us to consider the whole race of men as one family; to regard them as creatures of the same creator; sustained by the providence of the same Preserver, and purchased by the blood of the same Redeemer.—Let it not be objected, that there are those among us, regardless of the solemn duties here enjoined; unrestrained in the indulgence of every passion; and conspicuous for scoffing at every holy thing. Charge not to the institution the failings of its members.—Alas! how few, who profess to be Christians, obey the precepts of their Divine Master! and shall we sacrilegiously dare, to doubt the purity of the gospel, because the glorious light of Truth has failed to illumine all who have assumed the name?—Just Heaven forbid!

But to return to our subject.—A few years previous to the arrival of our friend in this country, some of our largest cities had been assailed by a malignant pestilential fever, which proved long invincible to the ablest efforts of medical skill.—As might naturally be expected, great variety of opinion existed, respecting the nature of this new and formidable enemy to the life of man. The interesting subject continued for a considerable time to occupy the thoughts and pens of the medical profession, in every part of this extensive continent. Such an opportunity for asserting his claim, to a pre-eminent rank, among his brethren of the Faculty, did not escape our learned friend. He entered into correspondence with some of the most eminent physicians of the country; and instituted a course of experimental inquiries, the result of which tended to confirm an opinion, he had, early in life, adopted respecting the nature and causes of disease. Though the doctrine he maintained, was not altogether new; it had remained so long buried under the rubbish of discarded theories, unnoticed and almost forgotten, that its revival was naturally calculated to excite the attention of the medical world; more particularly as an extent and latitude were given to it, of which its original founder had not deemed it susceptible. Always ardent in the pursuit of whatever he supposed, could prove serviceable to his fellow-creatures in the remotest degree; no sooner was conviction of the truth of his pathological reasoning, established in his own mind, than he deemed it an imperious duty, to essay the task of making the same impression upon others. To this end he commenced a series of publications, upon the various subjects, the investigation of which could throw any light upon the grand object of inquiry, clothed in language so far divested of the usual phraseology of professional writings, as to be easily intelligible to every reader. He addressed himself to the community at large—more particularly to those who were *not of the profession*. These he considered the most deeply interested in

the errors of medical science ; and though he expected to meet with prejudices hard to combat, he hoped, at least, to avoid that excitement of the passions, which a jealous attachment to favourite theories might produce in the minds of his medical brethren. He thought it essential, that a rational idea of their diseases should be conveyed to the minds of the sufferers themselves, that they might thus be enabled to discover “ how far the knowledge of those they employed was adequate to the task they undertook. If (said he) there should be sufficient evidence that an erroneous path has been pursued, they will exact a relinquishment of ascertained errors, and self-interest will enjoin the study of Medicine, in such a way as may best promote the disclosure of truth, and secure the improvement of the science.” The immortal Bacon was the guide he professed to follow. How far he succeeded in bringing to light, the hidden operations of nature, is not for me to determine—but I may venture, without the imputation of presumption to say, that no writer ever laboured more zealously in his search for truth ; and that the discovery of this, more than a love of fame, was the desired end of all his midnight toils. It is a lamentable truth that nothing yet was ever written and published, how good and correct in its kind soever, that did not meet with opposition, censure, or ridicule ; and that more especially, if any thing new, or uncommon was advanced by the author. The circulation of the blood, discovered by the immortal *Harvey* was long opposed and laughed at. The brightest ornaments of every age, have had their snarling detractors. The great Sir Isaac Newton himself, who, it has been said, knew as much as all the rest of mankind together, was carped at and criticised by invidious pens. Who then can hope to escape ?——Whatever may be the unbiassed sentence of posterity, in regard to the Theory alluded to, it strikes too deeply at the root of human pride to be *easily* received ; hence the promulgation of it, unfortunately, only served to interrupt that progress which the Doctor was rapidly making, to a lucrative and extensive practice.

Regardless, however, of all selfish considerations, he did not suffer this cold reception of his doctrines, to damp, for a moment, the fervour of his zeal for the public good. The condition of the diseased poor of the City claimed his early attention. He saw that this might be greatly meliorated by the adoption of some plan, that should secure to them, the regular aid of medical advice. With a heart devoted to the cause of suffering humanity he commenced the task. But this was a work which no individual, however zealous in his efforts, could alone accomplish. It was necessary to solicit the co-operation of others—With the assistance, therefore, of a few men of influence, among the foremost of whom was the late lamented Pastor of St. Paul's Parish, he laboured with unwearied industry, until he accomplished the establishment of that humane and benevolent institution, the “Baltimore General Dispensary ;” from which, hundreds yearly receive the inestimable blessing of health, who would otherwise, perhaps, pine in misery and disease. Of this institution Dr. Crawford continued to his death, one of the most active and useful managers. He very early, also became a member of the “Hibernian Benevolent Society,” in which he filled more than one distinguished office, no less to his own honour, than to the advantage of that description of our fellow-citizens, who have been driven to seek that happiness and safety here, which were denied to them, in their own oppressed and ravaged country. As a member of this truly honourable institution, many perhaps even of those who now hear me, can bear witness, to the never-slumbering activity of his zeal. Nor did he wait to be *called upon*, for the performance of the charitable duties of his station.—No—in the language of the Holy Scripture, “*he went about doing good.*” He conceived it a part of his duty to seek and to visit all to whom he could legally extend the benefits of the institution. Thus were many relieved, who, but for him, might have continued strangers, to the very existence of such an association of their more fortunate countrymen.

To his indefatigable exertions, perhaps more than to those of any other individual, is the State of Maryland indebted for the establishment of the Penitentiary—that noble monument of the union of Justice with Mercy in the administration of our criminal laws. He was one of the founders of the “Bible Society of Baltimore,” that most laudable and truly fraternal association of Christians of every denomination, for the noble purpose of dispensing the light of gospel truths to the indigent of every persuasion. In the exercise of this pious duty, he derived the most heartfelt satisfaction. To descant upon the Holy writings, was, to him, a never-failing source of high enjoyment. He considered the instruction attainable from them, great beyond the power of human acknowledgement. How often have I heard him say, with all the persuasive eloquence of true belief, that there was no system of laws; no beauty or simplicity of historical detail; no power of the imagination; no charm of poetry, or dignity of the sublime, which could approach in excellence to what is contained in the sacred pages. The Heavens, the earth, the ocean, the air, and their inhabitants (he would say) are their themes. The style in which these are composed, the beauties with which they are adorned, must for ever remain models of perfection, so transcendantly superior to human effort, that they will be viewed to the end of time, as objects of contemplation not to be equalled—soaring as high above mortal imitation, as the Heavens are exalted above the earth; or as the Creator, *God*, is superior to his creature, *man*.——

Such were the feelings of our pious friend, on the great *Book of Books*; and such were the sentiments he endeavoured to inspire, in all with whom he conversed on the Holy Scriptures.——

But his sphere of action, as a member of these various societies, was too confined for his benevolent soul. He was tied down to the observance of certain restrictive rules which abridged the exercise of his charity. Very early in life he had conceived a favourable impression of the Masonic insti-

tutions, and sought to be initiated into the holy mysteries.— Having once become acquainted with their nature, it was not possible that a heart so constituted, as was that of our excellent Brother, could easily forget the magnitude of the duties they embraced. His first care, therefore, after becoming a resident of the city, was to seek admission into one of our Lodges; in which he did not long remain undistinguished. The active share he took in every work of benevolence, soon made him regarded by the Brethren as one of the pillars of their Temple. As Master of *Amicable Lodge* he necessarily became a member of the *Grand Lodge of Maryland*. Here a wider field was opened to him, for the work of philanthropy and love. The dictates of Masonry corresponded with the impulse of his own generous feelings. It now became his pleasing duty, not only to minister to the wants of his indigent Brethren, but to extend the hand of Charity to the necessitous, wherever found. His great mind embraced the needy of all countries. In the high and honourable station of *Grand Master*, (to which he was raised by the unanimous wishes of his Brethren, so early as the year 1800,) he had daily occasion to hear the complaints of every age, sex, and condition. He sympathised with some; alleviated the distresses of others; and where it was not in his power to afford relief, it might easily be seen that his heart granted, what stern necessity obliged him to refuse.

But to you, my Masonic brethren, who knew him so well, who have so often witnessed his anxious solicitude for your prosperity, who have so frequently listened with enraptured ears to the pious eloquence of his instructive *charges*; to you, it will be unnecessary to repeat the various excellencies of his Masonic character. His continued enjoyment of the highest honours, to which you could raise him, for an uninterrupted series of near thirteen years, is at once, the best evidence that can be offered, of his own transcendant merit, and of your affectionate regards.—

As a man it pleased God to bless him with a great and comprehensive mind, a vigorous understanding and a solid judgment. To these natural advantages, he added an industry which nothing could fatigue, an application which nothing could distract—He was deeply versed in all the learning of the Ancients; had a classical knowledge of the Latin and French languages; and could translate with sufficient facility the Greek and German. There was scarcely any author of celebrity either ancient or modern that he had not read. *Physick* and *Divinity* were his two favourite studies—but these did not occupy all his time. His acquaintance with polite literature was also extensive. History, philosophy, and most of the useful sciences, engaged a portion of his attention; and for the two or three last years of his life, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of Natural History; or rather to the History of Animated Nature; in which he had made a progress scarcely to be credited. He did not, like his precursors in that science, confine himself to a mere description of external appearances. His more important object was to learn the customs, habits, and manners of the many interesting families of animals; that he might thence deduce some instructive lessons concerning the great family of man. In the year 1812, he was appointed, by the Regents of the Medical College of this State, *Lecturer on Natural History*; and in pursuance of that appointment commenced a course of Lectures, which he was soon, however, compelled to abandon, for reasons not necessary to be noticed here. His compositions were remarkable for a correct and elegant style; and the few lectures that were delivered upon Natural History, displayed a soundness of erudition, and a depth of research seldom equalled.

Few men possessed a happier talent for social conversation. He had seen much of the manners and customs of the world; and had studied what he had seen. This gave him an easy variety of subject, which he could readily adapt to the capacities or wishes of his company. There was one thing observ-

able in his conversation, which it would be improper to pass over unnoticed.—He never used profane or impious expressions ; nor did he permit them to be used by others in his presence, without immediate and serious reprehension. He felt an abhorrence of common swearing which nothing could deter him from loudly expressing, upon every occasion. Other vices and immoralities (he would say) may be committed from some inducement of interest, vanity, or pleasure ; but the vice of *common swearing* can answer no desirable or useful purpose in human life—it adds neither argument, nor ornament to discourse ; it neither promotes our interest, nor gratifies our vanity ; and so far from displaying any power of genius or intellect, it discovers a mind defective in resource, and devoid of reflection. He considered it not only an insult offered to the majesty of God ; but an impudent departure from the rules of decorum and good breeding, when practised in the presence of those, who feel a reverence for God and religion.—

Doctor Crawford inherited from nature a warmth and ardour of feeling, a sanguineness of temper, which age itself could not impair. But he had learned the arduous task of self-government. He could indeed *bless those who persecuted him*, and in true sincerity of heart, *pray for those who despitefully used him*.—

But, were I to attempt the enumeration of his virtues, the day would close, ere the glittering catalogue were more than half completed. His character and conduct, would have shrunk from no investigation, however rigid. His piety was uniform, constant, and exemplary. His zeal in explaining the great doctrines and duties of Christianity, was warm and fervent ; and above all his charity was vast and diffusive as the light of Heaven itself.—Shall we not endeavour, my brethren, to imitate so bright an example of moral purity—shall we not cherish in our hearts the remembrance of one who laboured so zealously to promote our good.

Would that I were equal to the task of describing to you his last moments—but I dare not touch upon a theme so awfully sublime—

“ Man’s highest triumph, man’s profoundest fall,
The death-bed of the just—
.....I thought him man ’till now.
Through nature’s wreck, thro’ vanquished agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through the midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? What more than human peace?
Where the frail mortal? The poor abject worm?
No, not in death the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all,
Richer than Mammon’s for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts—great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur gives, not yields,
His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.

* * * * *

We gaze, we weep, mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes! Devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe!”

The attack of illness to which our illustrious Brother fell a victim, was sudden and violent, beyond description. It seized him on the 5th of May, and terminated its fatal rapid career, early on the morning of the 9th. Amid all his sufferings, and they were great indeed, the sweet serenity of temper, for which he had ever been so conspicuous, did not, for a moment, forsake him. No peevishness, no fretful complaint escaped him. He awaited the awful moment that should free his soul from the confines of her mortal prison, with a tranquil resignation, which bespoke the firm foundation of a Christian’s hope—“ *the holy hope of nobler time to come.*”

Under all the anguish of his bodily sufferings, Reason still maintained her throne within him; and to the last, there was a complacent dignity, in his aspect and countenance, that filled the minds of all who approached him, with respect and veneration.

Farewell ! bright model of moral excellence ! Friend—and Brother—farewell ! !—but though the cold and silent grave, has hid thee from our sight ; still shalt thou live in the “ ever-green affections of our hearts,” while memory holds her seat within us.—

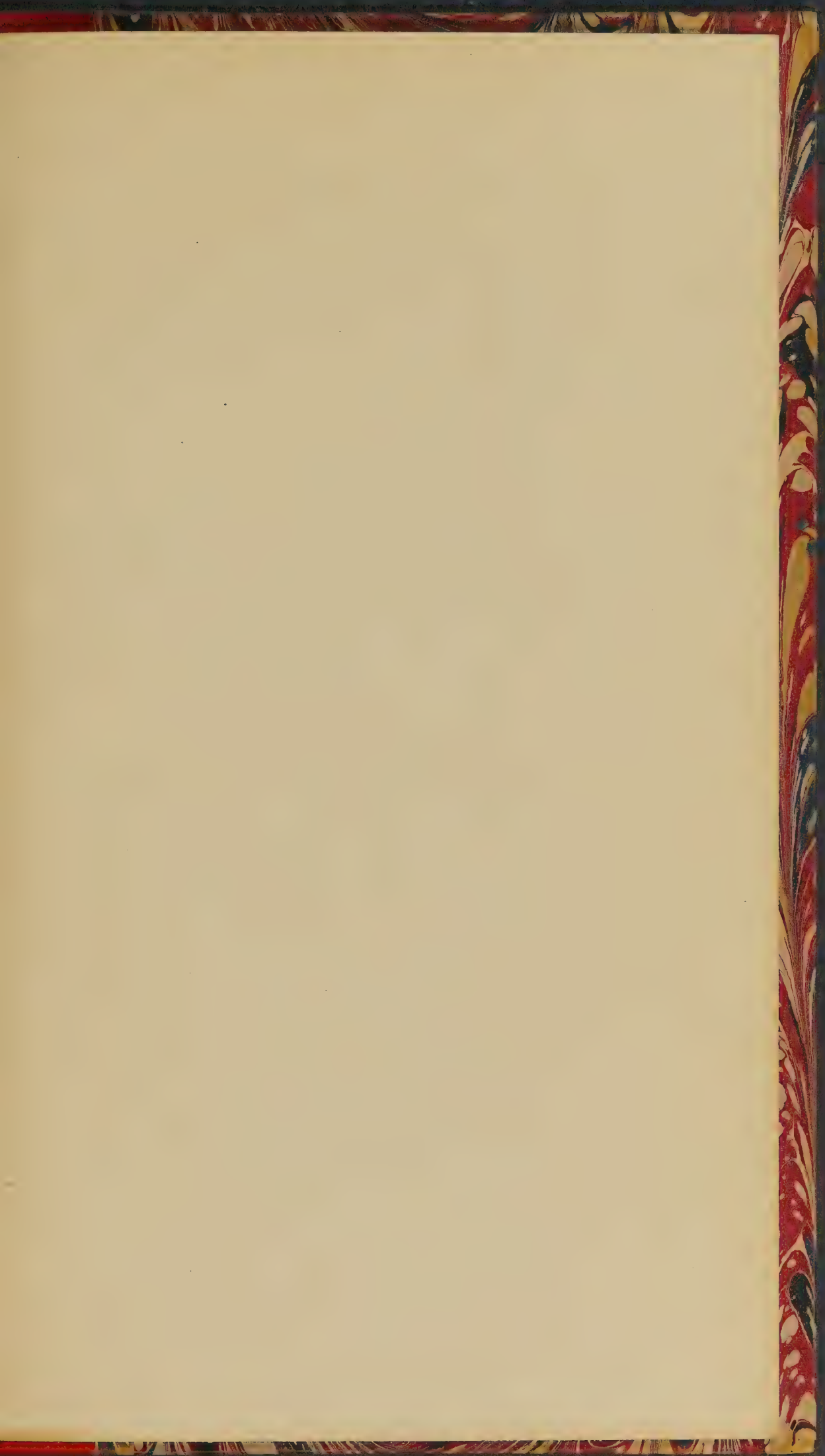
Bear with me, yet a few moments, my Brethren, and I shall have done.—We should be idly selfish, to grieve at that dispensation of Providence which has given happiness to our friend. We should rather rejoice that he has been called from the weary pilgrimage of worldly wo, to the enjoyment of life and bliss eternal—

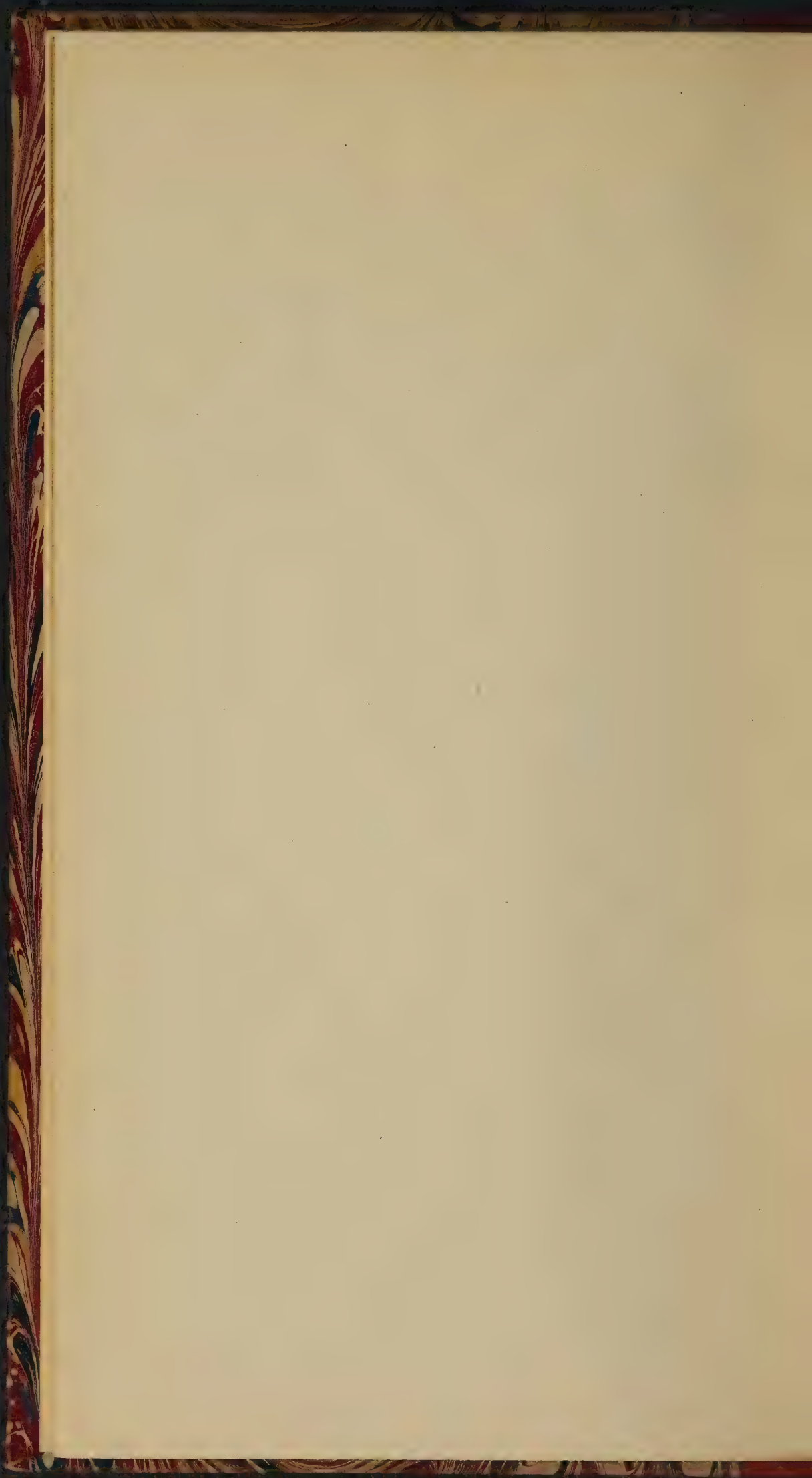
“ Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire.”

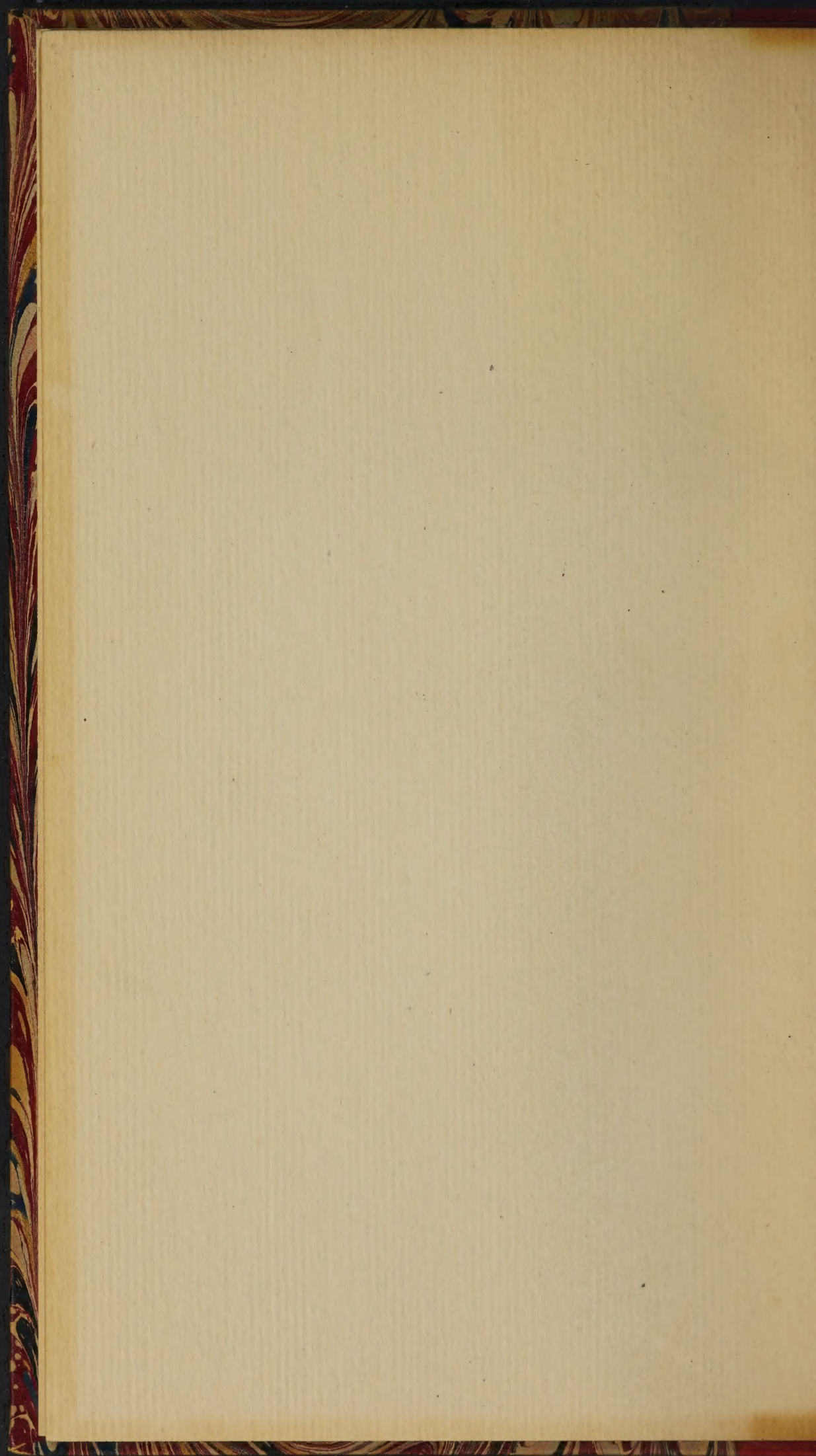
For “ if ever soul ascended” “ where Seraphs gather immortality,” his has taken that “ upward flight”—if a firm, unshaken FAITH in the truth of gospel revelation ; if a sincere, and ardent HOPE of a future state of blissful immortality ; and a CHARITY unbounded by the narrow prejudice of sect or country—a *Charity* for the errors, the failings, the misfortunes, and the miseries of his fellow-men ; if the possession and the active exercise of these virtues are passports to the promised haven of peace to the righteous man—then may we confidently trust that our departed friend and brother has found a resting-place in “ the bosom of his Father and his God.”—

And Oh, Almighty Architect of Nature ! if it be not incompatible with thy holy and immutable laws, grant, I pray thee, that his spirit may still watch around us ! that the benign influence of his precept and example, may still operate to recall us from the paths of error ! and that it may guide us to the knowledge and the love of thy Truth ! So that when hereafter, we shall knock at the portals of thy Heavenly Lodge, we may indeed be found to deserve the name of “ FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS !”

FINIS.







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